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## BALLADS AND RHYMES FROM KENTUCKY.

EDITED BY G. L. KITTREDGE.

THE following ballads and rhymes from the mountains of Kentucky were collected recently by Miss Katherine Pettit of Hindman, Knott County, in that State. Miss Pettit has had the kindness to send the material to the Journal for publication.

## THE TURKISH LADY.

This is a fragmentary version of "Lord Bateman" (Child, No. 53 *L*). The last stanza contains the speech of the porter to Bateman and should precede stanza 11.

1. There was a man who lived in England,  
    He was of some high degree;  
    He became uneasy, discontented,  
        Some fair land, some land to see.
2. He sailed east, he sailed west,  
    He sailed all over the Turkish shore,  
    Till he was caught and put in prison,  
        Never to be released any more.
3. The Turk he had but the one lone daughter,  
    She was of some high degree;  
    She stole the keys from her father's dwelling,  
        And declared Lord Batesman she'd set free.
4. She led him down to the lower cellar,  
    And drew him a drink of the strongest wine;  
    "Every moment seems an hour;  
        Lord Batesman, if you were mine!"
5. "Let's make a vow, let's make a promise,  
    Let's make a vow, let's make it stand:  
    You vow you'll marry no other woman,  
        I will vow I'll marry no other man."
6. They made a vow, they made a promise,  
    They made a vow, they made it stand;  
    He vowed he'd marry no other woman,  
        She vowed she'd marry no other man.
7. Seven long years has rolled around,  
    It seemed as if it was twenty-three;  
    She bundled up her finest clothing,  
        Declared Lord Batesman she'd go see.

8. Seven long years has rolled around,  
It seemed as if it were twenty-nine;  
She bundled up her finest clothing,  
And declared Lord Batesman she'd go find.
9. She went till she came to the gate, she tingled;  
It was so loud, but she would n't come in:  
"Is this your place," she cried, "Lord Batesman?  
"Or is it that you've brought your new bride in?"<sup>1</sup>
10. "Go remember him of a piece of bread;  
Go remember him of a glass of wine;  
Go remember him of the Turkish lady  
Who freed him from the cold iron bonds."
11. He stamped his foot upon the floor;  
He burst the table in pieces three,  
Saying, "I'll forsake both land and dwelling  
For the Turkish lady that set me free."
12. She went till she came to the gate, she tingled;  
It was so loud, but she would n't come in:  
"She's got more gold on her little finger  
Than your new bride and all your kin."

LOVING HENRY.

This is an interesting and genuinely traditional version of Child's No. 68, "Young Hunting." It is nearest to version *F*. For stanza 8 compare version *D*, stanza 10.

1. "Get down, get down, loving Henry," she said,  
"And stay all night with me;  
But there[']s another girl in the Urgent land,  
That you love better than me."
2. "I could get down if I would get down,  
And stay all night with you,  
But there is a girl in the Urgent land  
That I love better than you."
3. As he leaned over his saddle skirts,  
To kiss her rosy cheeks,  
All in her right hand she held a sharp knife,  
And in him she plunged it deep.
4. "I could have got down if I would got down,  
And stayed all night with you,

<sup>1</sup> In the copy furnished the line runs: "Or is it that you've let you've brought your new bride in."

For there is no other girl in this wide world  
That I love better than you."

5. "Must I ride east? Must I ride west?  
Or anywhere under the sun,  
To get the doctor so kind and good,  
To cure this wounded one?"
6. "You need n't to ride east, nor you need n't to ride west,  
Nor anywhere under the sun,  
For there is no other but God alone  
Can cure this wounded one."
7. She took him by his lily-white hand,  
And led him across the yard;  
She pitched him in that doomful well,  
Where the water is cold and deep.
8. "Lie there, lie there, loving Henry," she said,  
"Till the meat drops off your bone,  
For there 's a little girl in the Urgent land  
That will mourn for your return."
9. As she was on her way back home,  
Little birdie was sitting on a limb;  
"Go home, go home, you cruel little girl,  
And there lament for him."
10. "Fly down, fly down, little birdie," she called,  
"And sit on my right knee,  
For the costly cords that's around my waist  
Will be supplied to thee."
11. "I could fly down if I would fly down,  
And sit on your right knee;  
But the way you murdered your own true love,  
Surely you would murder me."
12. "I wish I had my cedar bow,  
My arrow and my string;  
I would shoot a diamond through your heart,  
And you'd no longer sing."
13. "Although you have no cedar bow,  
No arrow nor no string,  
So I'll fly to the tops of some tall tree  
And there I'll sit and sing."

## THE BROWN GIRL.

This version of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" (Child, No. 73) should be compared with the Virginian copy communicated to the Folk-Lore Journal by Mr. W. H. Babcock (vii, 33) and printed by Child, iii, 509. A few readings from another version furnished by Miss Pettit are given in the footnotes (marked *B*).

1. "Mother, O mother, go riddle my sport;  
Go riddle it all as one;  
Must I go marry fair Alender,  
Or bring the brown girl home?"
2. "The brown girl she has house and land,  
Fair Alender has none;  
Therefore I warn you as a blessing,  
Go bring the brown girl home."
3. "Go saddle up my milk-white steed,  
Go saddle him up for me;  
I'll go invite fair Alender  
All to my wedding meal."
4. He rode, he rode till he came to the hall;  
He tingled on the ring;<sup>1</sup>  
Nobody so ready as Fair Alender  
To rise and let him in.
5. "What news? what news?" Fair Alender cried,  
"What news have you brought to me?"  
"I've come to invite you to my wedding,  
Is that good news to thee?"
6. "Bad news, bad news," Fair Alender cried,  
"Bad news you have brought to me;  
I once did think I would be your bride,  
And you my bridegroom be."
7. "Mother, O mother, go riddle my sport;  
Go riddle it all as one;  
Must I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,  
Or tarry with thee at home?"
8. She dressed herself in scarlet red,  
Her maidens they dressed in green,  
And every town that they rode through,  
They took her to be some queen.

<sup>1</sup> "So loud knocked on the ring" (*B*). So, also, in stanza 9.

9. She rode, she rode, till she came to the hall;  
She tingled on the ring;  
Nobody so ready as Lord Thomas himself,  
To rise and let her in.
10. He took her by the lily-white hand,  
And led her across the hall;  
And led her up to the head of the table,  
Amongst the fair maids all.
11. "Is this your bride," Fair Alender cried,  
"That looks so wonderful brown?  
You once could of got as fair a lady  
As ever the sun shone on."
12. The brown girl had a little penknife,<sup>1</sup>  
It was both keen and sharp;  
Between the long ribs and the short,  
She entered Fair Alender's heart.
13. "What's the matter? what's the matter?" Lord Thomas he cried.  
"O don't you plainly see?  
O don't you see my own heart's blood  
A-trickling down by me?"<sup>2</sup>
14. He took the brown girl by the hand,  
He led her across the hall;  
He drew [his] bright sword, he cut her head off,  
And threw it against the wall.
15. He put the butt against the ground,  
The point against his breast;  
Here three young lovers all died to-day,  
God send them all to rest!<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The brown girl she had a round pointed knife" (*B*).

<sup>2</sup> "What's the matter? what's the matter?" Lord Thomas he said;  
"What's the matter? what's the matter?" he cried.  
"O don't you see my own heart's blood  
Came twinkling down my side?" (*B*).

<sup>3</sup> *B* ends as follows: —  
"He put the sword against the wall,  
The point against his breast,  
Saying, 'Here is the end of three dear lovers;  
Lord, take them all home to rest! —  
" ' O mother, O mother, go dig my grave,  
Go dig it both wide and deep;  
Bury fair Ellender in my arms  
And the brown girl at my feet.' "

## BARBARA ALLEN.

This is a variation of the common version of "Bonny Barbara Allen" (Child, No. 84). The name of the unhappy lover is Sir John Græme in Child's *A.*

1. Late in the season of the year,  
When the yellow leaves were falling,  
Young James Graham from the west country  
Fell in love with Barbara Allen.
2. She was a fair and comely maid,  
She soar'd to his dwelling,  
Which caused him to admire the more  
The beauty of Barbara Allen.
3. It was on a bright day in June,  
The buds they were swelling,  
This young man he took sick,  
And sent for Barbara Allen.
4. So slowly, slowly she got up,  
And slowly she walked to him;  
She slightly drew the curtains by:  
"Young man, I think you're dying."
5. "O yes, I 'm sick, I 'm very sick,  
My heart is almost breaking;  
But a kiss or two from your sweet lips  
Will cure me, Barbara Allen."
6. "O don't you remember in yonders town,  
In yonders town, a-drinking,  
You drank your health to the ladies around,  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"
7. "Yes, I remember in yonders town,  
In yonders town a-drinking,  
I drank my health to the ladies around,  
And slighted Barbara Allen."
8. He turned his pale face to the wall,  
His back was turned upon her;  
He called to his friends and neighbors around,  
"Be kind to Barbara Allen."
9. So slowly, slowly she got up,  
And slowly she walked from him;  
She thought she could hear her own heart say,  
"Go back there, Barbara Allen."

10. She had not got three miles from town  
Till she heard the death-bell ringing,  
And every ring it seemed to say  
“Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!”
11. She looked to the east, and she looked to the west,  
She saw his pale corpse coming;  
“Go [la]j ye down that lovely corpse,  
And let me look upon him.”
12. The more she looked, was the more she grieved;  
She burst out a-crying,  
Saying, “Take me away, O take me away,  
For I am now a-dying.”
13. “Cursed be my name,” says she,  
“And cursed be my nature,  
That I might have saved this young man’s life  
By doing my endeavor!
14. “O mother, go and fix my bed,  
Go fix it long and narrow;  
Young James has died for me to-day;  
I’ll die for him to-morrow.”
15. Young James was buried in the high churchyard,  
Barbara Allen was buried in the higher;  
And out of Young James’ grave sprang a rose,  
And out of Barbara Allen’s a briar.
16. They grew and they grew to the high church top;  
They could not grow no higher;  
They lapped and twined in a true lover’s knot,  
And the rose outgrew the briar.

## THE OLD SALT SEA.

This is a version of “James Harris (The Daemon Lover)” (Child, No. 243 *B*). The last two stanzas (not in *B*) may be found in Child’s *E* and *F*. An American version, from a broadside in the library of the American Antiquarian Society, has been published by Mr. Phillips Barry in this Journal (xviii, 207–209).

1. “Well met, well met, my old true love,  
Well met, well met,” said he;  
“I have just returned from the old salt sea,  
It is all for the sake of thee.
2. “I could have married the king’s daughter,  
I could have married her,” said he,

"But I have forsak'en those gold crowns,  
It is all for the sake of thee."

3. "You better had married the king's daughter,  
You better had married her," said she,  
"For I have married the ship carpenter,  
And he keeps plenty of gold for me."
4. "Will you forsake your gold, my love?  
Will you forsake your babe?" said he,  
"Will you forsake your ship carpenter  
And go along with me?"
5. She laid her babe on a downy bed,  
And kisses she gave it three:  
"Lay there, lay there, you sweet little babe,  
And keep your pa's company."
6. They had not been sailing very long,  
They had n't been sailing but three weeks,  
She threw herself on the cold floor,  
And there she began to weep.
7. "What are you weeping for, my love?  
Are you weeping for your gold?" said he;  
"Are you weeping for some other young man  
That you love far better than me?"
8. "I am not weeping for my gold, my love,  
Nor for no other young man," said she;  
"I am weeping for my sweet little babe,  
That I never more shall see."
9. "What hills, what hills, my old true love,  
That look so high and white as snow?"  
"That is the hills of heaven, my love,  
Where all good people go."
10. "What hills, what hills, my old true love,  
That look so low and dark?"  
"That is the hills of hell, my love,  
Where you and I must go."

#### THE LONESOME VALLEY.

A less complete version, "In Bruton Town," with the tune, is printed in the "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," ii, 42-43; see, also, Sharp and Marson, "Folk-Songs from Somerset," No. 12, i, 25 (with note, p. 62). The general resemblance to Decameron, iv, 5 (Keats's "Isabella") is obvious. A similar broadside ballad is "The Merchant's Daughter; or,

"The Constant Farmer's Son," "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," i, 160-161; J. Catnach broadside, Harvard College Library, fol. 216 in 25242.2, etc. The first two stanzas of "The Lonesome Valley" are very corrupt: it is the lady's brothers that disdain her lover, because he is a servant.

1. In yonder town there lived a merchant;  
    He had two sons and a daughter fair;  
    Away low down in a lone green meadow,  
        A raging sea there for to sail.
2. Six thousand pound was this lady's portion;  
    She was a fair and comely dame;  
    She loved a young man o'er the ocean,  
        Which caused her to look there so disdain.
3. They studied o'er this cruel matter;  
    Concluded a-hunting they would go;  
    And this young man they both did flatter,  
        Till a-hunting with them he did go.
4. They travelled over high hills and valleys,  
    And through strange places that were unknown;  
    At length they came to a lonesome valley,  
        And there they did him kill and throw.
5. All on that evening as they returned,  
    The sister asked for her servant man:  
    "What makes me ask, you seem to whisper;"<sup>1</sup>  
        "Dear brothers, tell me if you can."
6. All on that night as she lay mourning,  
    Her true love stood by her bedside,  
    All covered over and the tears a-flowing,  
        All wallered over in the gores of blood.
7. All on next morning when she arose,  
    She dressed herself in silk so fine;  
    She travelled over high hills and valleys,  
        Her own true love for to find.
8. She travelled over high hills and valleys,  
    And through strange places that were unknown;  
    At length she came to a lonesome valley,  
        And there she found him killed and thrown.
9. His pretty cheeks with blood were dyed,  
    His lips were salt as any brine;  
    She kissed him o'er, and "O" she cried,  
        "You're the dearest bosom friend of mine."

<sup>1</sup> The copy furnished has "You semm whisper."

10. Three days and nights she tarried with him,  
Till she thought her heart would break with woe;  
She felt sharp hunger approaching on her,  
Which forced her back home to go.
11. All on that evening as she returned,  
Her brothers asked her where she had been:  
"You are too <sup>1</sup> hard-hearted, deceitful villains,  
For him alone you both shall swing."
12. They studied o'er this bloody matter;  
Concluded the ocean they would sail,  
The wind did blow, and I think no wonder,  
The sea did open and provide a grave.

#### THE DROWSY SLEEPER.

This is an interesting version of a ballad known, in a Nithsdale version, to Allan Cunningham, and given in part in a note to "O, my luve's like a red, red rose" in his edition of Burns (1834), iv, 285. Two stanzas of a Sussex version, with the tune, are printed in the "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," i, 269. There is a Catnach broadside, "The Drowsy Sleeper," which partly corresponds (Harvard College Library, fol. 172 in 25242.2).

1. "Wake up, wake up, you drowsy sleeper,  
Wake up, wake up, it's almost day;  
How can you bear to sleep and slumber  
When your own true love is going away?"
2. "Who's this, who's this at my bedroom window,  
Calling so earnestly for me?"  
"Lie low, lie low, it's your own true lover;  
Awake, arise, and pity me."
3. "O love, go and ask your mother  
If my bride you ever can be;  
And if she says no, come back and tell me,  
It's the very last time I'll trouble thee."
4. "I dare [not] go and ask my mother  
If your bride I can ever be;  
Go your way and court another,"  
She whispered low in her true love's ear.
5. "O love, go and ask your father,  
If my bride you ever can be;  
If he says no, come back and tell me,  
It's the very last time I'll trouble thee."

<sup>1</sup> Read probably *two*.

6. "I dare [not] go and ask my father,  
For he is on his bed of rest,  
And in his arms he holds a weapon  
To kill the one I love the best."
7. "O, Mary, Mary, loving Mary,  
My heart is almost broke for you;  
From North Carolina to Pennsylvania  
I'll spend my hours and days with you."
8. "I'll move my boat to some other river,  
And by its waters I'll sit down;  
I'll eat nothing but green willow,  
I'll drink nothing but my tears."
9. "Come back, come back, you distracted lover,  
Come back,  
And I'll forsake, I'll forsake father and mother,  
Forsake them all and go with you."

## PRETTY POLLY.

"The Gosport Tragedy" or "Polly's Love; or, The Cruel Ship Carpenter," is a favorite broadside (and garland) ballad which may be found in Ebsworth's "Roxburghe Ballads," viii, 143-144, 173-174, and, with the tune, in the "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," i, 172-173.<sup>1</sup> Of the two versions given below, the first is much corrupted and the second is a fragment. In the complete ballad Polly's lover is a ship carpenter. He goes to sea after the murder, and, according to the Folk-Song Society's version,

It was early one morning before it was day,  
The captain came up, these words he did say,  
"There's a murderer on board, and he it lately has done,  
Our ship is in mourning and cannot sail on."

William, like the rest of the crew, denies all knowledge of the crime, but —

As he was turning from the captain with speed  
He met his Polly, which made his heart bleed;  
She stript him and tore him, she tore him in three,  
Because he had murdered her baby and she.

The incident of the ship that cannot sail on because there is a murderer on board is like "Brown Robyn's Confession" (Child, No. 57); see, also, "Captain Glen" ("Roxburghe Ballads," ed. Ebsworth, viii, 141 ff., with the editor's notes). The ghost reminds one of the terrific phantom in "Willie's Fatal Visit" (Child, No. 255). The Harvard College Library has three copies of the garland, — "The Gosport

<sup>1</sup> See also, Buchan, *Gleanings*, 1825, pp. 46 ff., with which should be compared the note in Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, ii, 98.

Tragedy; or, The Perjured Ship Carpenter" (Boswell, viii, 27; xxviii, 5; xxix, 40), as well as two broadsides, — "Polly's Love; or, The Cruel Ship Carpenter," J. Catnach (fol. 201 in 25242.2), and "Love and Murder," J. Booth, Selby (p. 26 in 25242.7). In the garland the ghost does not tear William to pieces, but merely causes him to "die raving distracted."

## A

1. "O where is Pretty Polly?"  
    "O yonder she stands,  
    Gold rings upon her fingers,  
    Her lily-white hands."
2. "O Polly, O Polly,  
    O Polly," said he,  
    "Let's take a little walk  
    Before married we be."
3. "O William, O William,  
    I don't want to go;  
    Your people is all against it,  
    And this you will know."
4. He led her over high hills,  
    And hollows so steep,  
    At length pretty Polly  
    Began to weep.
5. "O William, O William,  
    O William," says she,  
    "I fear your intention  
    Is for to murder me."
6. "Polly, O Polly,  
    You have guessed about right;  
    I was digging your grave  
    The best part of last night."
7. They went on a little farther,  
    And she began to shy;  
    She saw her grave dug  
    And the spade a-sitting by.
8. She threw her arms around his neck,  
    Saying, "I am in no fear;  
    How can you kill a poor girl  
    That loves you so dear?"
9. "O Polly, O Polly,  
    We have no time to stand."

He drew his revolver  
All out in his hand.

10. He shot her through the heart,  
Which caused the blood to flow,  
And into her grave  
Her fair body he did throw.
11. He threw her in the grave;  
Straightways he did run,  
Left no one to weep  
But them small birds to mourn.
12. The ship sitting ready  
All on the sea-side,  
He swore by his Maker  
He'd sail the other side.
13. All on whilst he was sailing,  
The ship she sprang a leak,  
And away to the bottom  
Sweet William he sank.
14. There he met with pretty Polly,  
All in the gores of blood,  
In her lily-white arms  
An infant of mine.
15. Such screaming and hallowing,  
It all passed away;  
A debt to the devil,  
He surely had to pay.

B

1. "Sweet William, sweet William,  
You are leading me astray,  
O'er high hills and low valleys,  
My innocent heart to betray."
2. "O yes, pretty Polly,  
You are guessing just right;  
I were digging your grave  
The biggest part of last night."
3. They advanced a bit farther;  
At length she did spy  
The grave being dug ready  
And spade sitting by.

4. She threw her arms around him,  
Saying, "Suffer no fear;  
How can you kill a poor girl  
That loves you so dear?"
5. "O here we are,  
No time for to stand!"  
He drew his sharp knife  
All in his right hand;
6. He pierced it through her heart,  
The blood it did flow,  
And into the grave  
This poor body did go.
7. He threw a little dust over her,  
And turned to go home,  
Left nothing behind  
But the small birds to mourn.
8. Sweet William was lying  
In his cabin asleep,  
He thought he heard the voice  
Of pretty Polly speak:
9. "O yonder's pretty Polly,  
O yonder she stands,  
With gold rings on her fingers,  
Her lily-white hands."

**FLORA ELLA.**

Two copies have been furnished by Miss Pettit. The variants, which are few and trifling, are noted in two or three cases only. In the footnotes *A* stands for the copy taken as the basis of the present text, *B* for the other.

1. Deep, deep into the valley,  
Where the flowers fade and bloom,  
There lies my own Flora Ella  
In her cold and silent tomb.
2. One night the moon shone brightly,  
The stars were shining too,  
When to her lonely window,  
Her dearest lover drew.
3. Said he, "Loved one, let's wander  
Over meadows dark and drear,  
Where<sup>1</sup> none disturbs nor hinders;  
We'll name our wedding day."

<sup>1</sup> *B* omits "Where."

4. "The night is dark and dreary,  
    And I'm afraid to stay,  
    For fear that I'd get wearied,  
    And would retrace my way."
5. "Retrace your way? No, never!  
    From me you cannot fly,  
    For in these woods I have you,—  
    Flora Ella, you must die."
6. "O what have I done, dear Edward,  
    That you should take my life?  
    I've always been so loving,  
    And would have been your wife."
7. Down on her knees before him,  
    She pleaded for her life;  
    Deep, deep into her bosom  
    He plunged that fatal knife.
8. "O I'll forgive you, Edward!"  
    It was her dying breath,  
    Her heart had ceased its beating,  
    Her eyes were closed in death.
9. She died not broken-hearted,  
    Nor wrestled in despair,  
    But in one instant parted  
    From all she loved so dear.
10. The birds sang in the morning;  
    How awful was<sup>1</sup> their sound!  
    They found her cold and lifeless,  
    A-lying on the ground.
11. "Farewell to home and parents!  
    You will see me now no more;  
    Long, long you've waited my coming,  
    At that little cottage door."

## POOR OMA WISE.

1. The first time he came to see me,  
    He told me he loved me well;  
    The next time he came to see me,  
    He told me he[ 'd] use me well.
2. He promised to meet me at Adams' spring;  
    For the money that he'd give all other fine things.

<sup>1</sup> So in *B*, *A* has "were."

3. Instead of the money he flattered the case;  
If we were to get married it would be no disgrace.
4. "Come jump up behind me and away we will go,  
Down by the side of Siota, where the waters o'erflow.
5. O Oma, Oma, let me tell you my mind;  
My mind is to drown you and leave you behind."
6. O Lewis, O Lewis, pray spare me my life,  
And I will deny you and not be your wife."
7. He kicked her and he stamped her, he threw [her] in the deep;  
He mounted his pony and rode in full speed.
8. The screams of poor Oma followed after him so nigh,  
Saying, "I am a poor rebel not fitting to die."
9. She was missing one evening, next morning was found  
In the bottom of Siota below the milldam.
10. They took as a prisoner, condemned to die,  
He owned he was the man that killed poor Oma Wise.

LITTLE OMIE.

1. "Little Omie, little Omie, at Dam's spring,  
Some money to bring you or some other fine thing."
2. . . . .  
No money to bring her nor no other fine things.
3. "So get on behind me, and away we will ride;  
We will go to yon city, and I will make you my bride."
4. She got on behind him, and away they did go;  
They rode to deep waters where it never overflows.
5. "Little Omie, little Omie, I will tell you [my] mind:  
My mind is to drown you and leave you behind."
6. "Pity, O pity! come spare my poor life,  
And let me go begging if I can't be your wife."
7. He whipped and he beat her till she barely could stand,  
And threw her in deep water just below the milldam.
8. . . . .  
Little Omie was missing and could not be found,

9. And up stepped Omie's mother, and these words she did say:  
" Jim Sufer has killed Omie and has now run away;
10. " He has gone to Old England, and there, I understand,  
They have got him in prison for killing a man."
11. . . . .  
He wrote out his confession and sent them around,
12. Saying, " You may kill me or hang me or do whatever you can,  
But I am the very man that drowned little Omie just below the milldam."

## THE GREEN FIELD AND MEADOWS.

1. Young men and maids, pray lend attention  
Of these few lines I'm going to write,  
Of a young youth, no name I'll mention,  
Who courted a damsel, a beauty bright.
2. When his old parents came to know it,  
They strove against it day and night;  
They strove to part him from his jewel,  
" She's poor, she's poor," they often cried.
3. She turned her back unto the city,  
She walked the green fields and meadows around;  
She walked unto some fair broad waters  
And under a shady grove sat down.
4. She picked up her silver dagger,  
Placed through her snow-white breast;  
She said these words and gave a stagger;  
" Farewell true love! I'm going to rest."
5. Her love, being out upon the water,  
Chanced to hear her dying groan;  
He ran, he ran like one distracted:  
" I am ruined, I'm lost, I am left alone."
6. She opened her pretty blue eyes upon him,  
Saying, " O true love, you've come too late!  
But meet me on the old road Zion,  
Where all our joys will be complete."
7. He picked up the bloody dagger,  
Placed it through his tender heart:  
Let this be a sad and sorrowful warning  
To all true lovers that have to part.

## THE FORSAKEN GIRL.

Compare "Wagoner's Lad," below; "The Poor Stranger," Christie, "Traditional Ballad Airs," ii, 220; "The Happy Stranger," broadside, J. Pitts, Harvard College Library, fol. 114 in 25242.2; "Sweet Europe," Sharp and Marson, "Folk-Songs from Somerset," No. 46, ii, 42.

1. O William, O William, it's for your sake alone  
That I have left my father and mother to mourn;  
I left my old father, my mother to mourn,  
I am a poor strange girl far from my home.
2. O don't you remember last Saturday night,  
The words that you said to me as you sat by my side?  
You told me you loved me, your heart lay in my breast,  
Unless we got married you never could rest.
3. Here's a bottle of good brandy, here's a bottle of good wine,  
To drink to your own love as I shall mourn for mine,  
To drink to your own love as you have often done,  
For I am a poor strange girl far from my home.
4. I'll build me a castle on the mountain so high,  
Where the wild geese can see me as they pass me by,  
Where the turtle dove can hear me and help me to mourn,  
For I am a poor strange girl and far from [my] home.

## WAGONER'S LAD.

This piece is mixed up in some way, especially in the last stanza, with a well-known song, commonly called in stall-copies "Streams of Lovely Nancy." The Harvard College Library has several copies of the "Streams" — Pitts (p. 50 of 25242.4 II, fol. 136 of 25242.2), J. Catnach (fol. 225 of same), Ann Batchelar (fol. 295 of same). See, also, Baring Gould and Sheppard, "Songs and Ballads of the West," No. 93, Part IV, p. 23 ("The Streams of Nantsian"), cf. p. xxxix; Broadwood and Maitland, "English Country Songs," p. 136 ("Faithful Emma"). See, also, "The Forsaken Girl," above.

1. "I am a poor girl, and my fortune is bad;  
I have long time been courted by the wagoner's lad  
He courted me duly by night and by day,  
And now for to leave me he is going away.
2. "Your wagon's to grease your bill is<sup>1</sup> to pay;  
Come seat yourself beside me so long as you stay."

<sup>1</sup> The copy furnished reads "billys" for "bill is."

"My wagon's done greased, my whip's in my hand;  
So fare you well, Nancy, I have no time to stand.

3. "I am a loving lad, and I can love long,  
I can love an old sweetheart till a new one comes on;  
I can hug them and kiss them and keep them at ease,  
Or I can turn my back upon them and court who I please."
4. "So hard is the fortune of poor womankind,—  
They are always objected,<sup>1</sup> always confined;  
They are controlled by their parents until they are made wives,  
And slaves for their husbands the rest of their lives.
5. "I'll build me a castle on the mountains so high,  
Where the wild geese can see me as they pass me by,  
Where the wild geese can hear me my cries and my groans,—  
Be kind to the wagoner so far from his home."
6. "At the top of yon mountain, where my love['s] castle stands,  
It is dressed in green ivy from the top to the end;  
At the foot of yon mountain, where the wide ocean runs,  
We will commence our music and the firing of guns."

#### JACKARO.

"Jack Munro" — of which "Jackaro" is an interesting version in a surprisingly popular tone — is reprinted (from a Newcastle garland) by Miss J. H. L. De Vaynes, "The Kentish Garland," 1882, No. 142, ii, 629 ff. It is found also in one of J. Morren's Edinburgh garlands and in "The Siren; a New Song Book," Newcastle-upon-Tyne, J. Marshall, in the Harvard College Library (see Catalogue of Chapbooks, Nos. 1615, 1567). A second version (*B*) communicated by Miss Pettit is called "The Silk Merchant."

#### A

1. There was a silk merchant,  
In London he did dwell;  
He had one lonely daughter,  
The truth to you I'll tell.
2. She had sweethearts plentiful,  
She courted both day and night,  
Till all on Jacky Frasier,  
She placed her heart's delight.
3. "I will lock you in my dungeon,  
Your body I'll keep confined,

<sup>1</sup> Qy. "subjected"?

If there is none but Jacky Frasier  
 That will ever suit your mind."

4. "You can lock me in your dungeon,  
     It's hard to be confined,  
     But there is none but Jacky Frasier  
     That will ever suit my mind."
5. When her parents saw him coming,  
     They flew in angry way;  
     She gave him forty shillings,  
     To bear him far away.
6. He sailed all over the ocean,  
     All over the deep blue sea;  
     So safely he got landed,  
     In the wars of Germany.
7. She went down to the tailor-shop,  
     And dressed all in men's gray,  
     And labored for the captain,  
     To bear her far away.
8. "Your waist is too long and slender,  
     Your fingers long and small,  
     Your cheeks too red and rosy,  
     To face the cannon ball."
9. "It's true my waist is long and slender,  
     My fingers long and small;  
     It would not change my countenance  
     To see ten thousand fall."
10. "Kind sir, your name I would like to know,  
     Before on board you go."  
     She smiled all in her countenance,  
     "They call me Jackaro."
11. She sailed all over the ocean,  
     All over the deep blue sea,  
     So safely she got landed,  
     In the wars of Germany.
12. She went out to the battlefield,  
     And viewed it up and down;  
     Among the dead and dying,  
     Her darling boy she found.
13. She picked him up in her arms,  
     And carried him to the town,

And called for a physician,  
To heal up his wounds.

14. So happy and contented,  
So quickly they did agree;  
So stylish they got married,—  
And why not you and me?

B

1. There was a silk merchant,  
In London he did dwell;  
He had one lonely daughter,  
The truth to you she'd tell,  
O the truth to you she would tell.
2. She had sweethearts plenty,  
They courted day and night,  
All on little Jacky Frashier  
She placed her heart's delight,  
O she placed her heart's delight.
3. She heard her father calling,  
So quickly she came in:  
“Good morning, Mrs. Frashier,—  
Is that your sweetheart's name?  
O is that your sweetheart's name?
4. “I'll lock you in your dungeon,  
Your body I'll confine,  
If there's none but Jacky Frashier  
Will ever suit your mind,  
O that will ever suit your mind.”
5. “You can lock me in my dungeon,  
It's hard to be confined,  
For there's none but Jacky Frashier  
Will ever suit my mind,  
O that will ever suit my mind.”
6. Her father saw him coming,  
He flew in angry way,  
She gave him forty shilling  
To bear him far away,  
O to bear him far away.
7. He sailed all over the ocean,  
All o'er the deep blue sea;  
So safely he has landed,  
In the wars of Germany,  
O in the wars of Germany.

8. This girl, being a girl of honor,  
With money in her hand,  
She set a resolution  
To view some distant land,  
O to view some distant land.
9. She went down to the tailor-shop,  
And dressed all in men's gray,  
She labored for the captain  
To bear her far away,  
O to bear her far away.
10. "Say young man, please tell me your name  
Before on board you go."  
She smiled all in her countenance,  
"They call me Jacky Roe,  
O they call me Jacky Roe."
11. "Your waist it is too slender,  
Your fingers are too small,  
Your cheeks too red and rosy,  
To face the cannon ball,  
O to face the cannon ball."
12. "I know my waist is slender,  
My fingers they are small,  
But it will never change my countenance  
To see ten thousand fall,  
O to see ten thousand fall."
13. She sailed all over the ocean;  
All o'er the deep blue sea;  
So safely she has landed,  
In the wars of Germany,  
O in the wars of Germany.
14. She went down to the battlefield,  
She viewed them up and down;  
Amongst the dead and wounded,  
Her darling boy she found,  
O her darling boy she found.
15. She picked him up all in her arms,  
And carried him to the town,  
She sent out for the doctor,  
To heal his bloody wounds,  
O to heal his bloody wounds.
16. So happy was this couple,  
So quickly they agreed;

So stylish they got married,  
And it's why not you and me?  
O why not you and me?

## THE LONESOME SCENES OF WINTER.

1. "The lonesome scenes of winter contains to frost and snow,  
Dark clouds around us gather and stormy winds do blow;  
You are the one I have chosen to be my lonely dear,  
Your little heart is frozen and locked up I fear."
2. I went last night to see her, she seemed quite soberlee;  
I asked her if she wanted to marry, she would not consent to me:  
"The night is fast prevailing, is almost the break of day;  
I am waiting for an answer, — kind love, what do you say?"
3. "Kind sir, if I must tell you, I have chosen a single life,  
I never thought it suited for me to be your wife;  
Take that as your answer, and for yourself provide,  
I have found me another suitor and you may stand aside."
4. "Yes, madam, I know you're richer, much more riches will you gain;  
You have gained my afflictions,<sup>1</sup> and me you have disdained.  
Your riches they won't last you, they will melt away like snow,  
When poverty has overtaken you, you will think of me I know."
5. This world is wide and lonely, and love must have its fill;  
This world is wide and lonely, — one won't, another will.  
The birds sang so sweetly, they fly from vine to vine;  
I'd give this wide world if Polly would be mine.

## LOVING NANCY.

This song is much disordered. The first three stanzas are a fragment of a version of "Courting Too Slow" (Logan, "A Pedlar's Pack," p. 364). The others belong to some stall-ballad of love and death and give an unfittingly tragic outcome to the composite. The break in sense, style, and tendency is obvious. The whole affords a first-rate example of the freakishness of oral tradition.

1. Come all you unmarried men and sit down by me,  
A bachelor warning I will sing unto thee:  
When you court a fair damsel, don't court her too slow,  
Nor court no other till her<sup>2</sup> answer you know.
2. I courted loving Nancy my favorite one,  
I courted another straightways as I  
In the height of my practice and the greatest of woe  
I lost loving Nancy by courting too slow.

<sup>1</sup> Read, "affections."

<sup>2</sup> Copy reads "she."

3. I wrote her a letter, although I did n't go;  
She wrote me an answer that she was laufly<sup>1</sup> married, — I'd courted too slow.
4. This struck sweet William on his bed side for death.  
  
Loving Nancy came to hear this, came around his bedside,  
Saying, "Am I the woman that once could have been your bride?"
5. Saying, "I am laufley<sup>2</sup> married, but I will die for your sake,"  
She flew her arms around him and felt his heart break.  
Saying "Sweet William is dead, I hope he is at rest,"  
Loving Nancy she fainted and died at his breast, —
6. Saying, "Don't slight my poor husband, don't slight him I say,  
Nor cast this up to him for I am dying away."

YOUNG EDWARD.

This is the favorite stall-ballad, "Young Edwin in the Lowlands Low." The Harvard College Library has several copies, — J. Catnach (fol. 214 in 25242.2, p. 34 of 25242.8), John Bebbington, Manchester (in 25242.10.5), and doubtless others. For the tune to which the ballad is sung in England, see "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," i, 124.

1. Young Edward was a sailor boy who plowed the lowland low,  
Some gold to gain as Mary, as Mary had been told.
2. "My father keeps a boarding house by the side of yonders town;  
If you will go there and stay all night, sleep on a bed of down."
3. Young Edward he kept drinking until time to go to bed,  
But little did he think or know that death would crown his head.
4. Young Edward he kept drinking until he fell off to sleep,  
And Mary's cruel old father into his room did creep.
5. He drew him and he stabbed him down by the beach shore,  
And left his body bleeding down in the lowland low.
6. Mary and her servant girl rose up just at daylight,  
Saying "Father, dear father, where is the man that stayed here last night?"
7. "His body is in a motion down by the beach shore;  
His gold will make me plenty, you will never see him any more."
8. "Yes, father, cruel father, you shall hang a public show  
For the murder of young Edward, who plowed the lowland low.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps "lawfully."

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps "lawfully."

9. "Those billows on the ocean sails over my truelover's breast;  
His body is in a motion, God send his soul to rest!"

## PLAY SONGS.

I.<sup>1</sup>

1. We are marching down to old Quebec,  
Where the drums and the fifes are a-beating;  
Americans, they have gained the day,  
And the British are retreating.
2. The war 's all over and we'll turn back,  
Ne'er to be parted;  
We'll open the ring and take a couple in,—  
So release the broken-hearted.

*Chorus* — Sing fol dol dol, sing fol dol dol,  
Sing fol dol dol dila.

## II.

1. Good-by girls I'm going to Boston,  
Good-by girls I'm going to Boston,  
Good-by girls I'm going to Boston,  
So early in the morning.
2. We have party in the ball room,  
We have party in the ball room,  
We have party in the ball room,  
So early in the morning.
3. Right and left and play the better,  
Right and left and play the better,  
Right and left and play the better,  
So early in the morning.

## III.

1. I wonder where Maria 's gone,  
I wonder where Maria 's gone,  
I wonder where Maria 's gone,  
So early in the morning.
2. I guess she's gone and I can't go,  
I guess she's gone and I can't go,  
I guess she's gone and I can't go,  
So early in the morning.
3. Yonder she comes and it's how do you do?  
Yonder she comes and it's how do you do?  
Yonder she comes and it's how do you do?  
So early in the morning.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, 1883, No. 59, p. 125.

4. Give a sweet kiss and march on through,  
Give a sweet kiss and march on through,  
Give a sweet kiss and march on through,  
So early in the morning.
  
5. Swing to the right and then to the left,  
Swing to the right and then to the left,  
Swing to the right and then to the left,  
So early in the morning.

## IV.

1. My love sat down in sad condition,  
Mourning the loss of her own true love,  
Some say that she was taken in the wars of Germany:
  
2. Hi lee hi low,  
I'll turn my back and be your beau,  
Turn my elbow to my wrist  
And then turn back in a double twist.
  
3. Bow, bow, bow to the right,  
We bow down in Inland's knight  
Hop like a lady, jump like a crow,  
Never mind the weather, so the wind don't blow.

## V.

1. The moon is shining bright and it's very pleasant weather,  
Me and my true love will take a walk together,  
Take a little walk on the border of Galitla,  
All I want is a girl that is pretty.
  
2. Now I have got her, and she's very easy suited;  
As for her beauty it can't be disputed,  
Her teeth are pearly white, her cheeks red and rosy,  
Her hair is curly black and I thought she was a posy.

Roll up another couple and it's dil dol da,  
Roll up another couple and finish out the play.

## VI.

1. Sail around the ocean in the long summer day,  
Sail around the ocean in the long summer day,  
Sail around the ocean in the long summer day,  
Sail around the ocean, and it's buttermilk and whey.
  
2. Face your beauty in the long summer day,  
Face your beauty in the long summer day,  
Face your beauty in the long summer day,  
Face your beauty, and it's buttermilk and whey.

3. Kneel to your beauty in the long summer day,  
Kneel to your beauty in the long summer day,  
Kneel to your beauty in the long summer day,  
Kneel to your beauty, and it's buttermilk and whey.
4. Kiss your beauty in the long summer day,  
Kiss your beauty in the long summer day,  
Kiss your beauty in the long summer day,  
Kiss your beauty, and it's buttermilk and whey.
5. Rise to your beauty in the long summer day,  
Rise to your beauty in the long summer day,  
Rise to your beauty in the long summer day,  
Rise to your beauty, and it's buttermilk and whey.